

EPICEDIA  
ACADEMIÆ OXONIENSIS,  
in Obitum Serenissimæ  
**MARIAE**  
PRINCIPIS ARAUSIOMENSIS.



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OXONIÆ,  
Typis LICHFIELDIANIS,  
M DC LX.

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EPICUREAN

ACADEMY OF LITERATURE

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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I N

Præmaturum obitum Serenissimæ,

M A R I Æ,

Principis Arausionensis.



Uper Ave Maria fuit cecinisse voluptas;  
Hæc quàm triste sonat, Diva Maria  
vate!

Angolicos utinam plausus sentire liceret,

Junctus Ave ingeminat cùm sacer ille chorus.

Quæ Te Fata manent infelix Anglia! quæ Te

Astra regunt! Ut sis sola Noverca Tuus.

Belgia quos nutrit, salvos & Gallia reddit,

Tu prius citius quàm finis esse Tuos.

Principibus longum viduata Britannia pandit

Brachia, & in mollem captat avara sinum.

Scilicet amplexus Telluri vita negavit,

Oscula nec potuit reddere pressa satis.

PAULUS HOOD

Coll. Lincoln, Rector Acad. Procan.

**I**mpia blasphemæ flectant convitia vulgi:  
Absolvo medicos, innocuamq; manum.  
Curassent alios facili medicamine morbos:  
Ulcera cùm veniunt, Ars nihil ipsa valet.  
Vultu femineo quavis vel pustula vulnus  
Lethale est; pulchras certior ense necat.  
Mollia vel temeret si quando mitior ora,  
Evadat forsàn femina, Diva nequit.  
Cui par est anima Corpus, quæ tota venustas,  
Formæ quæ potis est hæc superesse sua?

Johan, Comes Roffen.

de Coll. Wadh.

PAULUS WOOD

Coll. Lincoln, Roffen, de Coll. Wadh.

**P**rohi scelus ! & Pulchram prostravit seva Sororem  
Fratris adhuc Magni sanguine Parca madens :

Hæc veris Mavors plangebat funera telis,

Luxerat & lachrymis flebilis illa Venus.

Fulmine tanguntur Lauros, & frigore Myrri :

Explicuit, diras una Cupressus opes.

Quid non seva sibi voluit Libitina licere ?

Aut ubi mors non est, numina cum pereant ?

*Edu. Hyde ex A. de Christi supremi ordinis*  
*commentariis, Domini Edu. Baron. de*

*Henden, Honorabilis Angliæ, & isti-*

*us Acad. Cancell, Fil. tertius,*

*Jo. William Bingham, & Coll.*

V Apulat, & meritò, jam seiva, & inhospita tellus,  
Dum maculat Genios invidiosa suos.  
Gens, modò serpentum, patrias vitaverat auras;  
Nec satis hinc coelum desinit esse nocens.  
Sed cur regales cyathi, mensaque secunda?  
Nempe agit & Festos sic Libitina dies?  
Heu brevis, & nusquam non illibata voluptas:  
Sors dubia, & semper summa, caduca magis!  
Nescit Solstitium virtus: si non datur ultra,  
Occiduis præcepit lux sepelitur aquis.  
Dique volunt rapiti magnis adolescere dotes,  
Ut citius redeat victima grata sibi.  
Expolianda opimam sic sic, sive arma ferunt:  
Et citius facti crescat opima seges.  
Sic opere actutum emenso Bombycina Arachne  
Protinus exuto verme resurgit avis.  
Accelerant agiles cursus; stadioque peracto  
Ocyis emeritis præmia victor habet.  
Quippe ita Pellæus, fatis urgentibus, orbem  
Hunc superat Juvenis, persequiturque novum.

*Jo. Williams Baronettus, & Coll.  
D. Jo. Bapt.*



**H** *Enrica* occiduo lydere lucido,  
Fudi sollicitas pro reliqua preces  
Mactari *Caroli* Progenie sacra,  
Dilectum chaos in lucis imaginem  
Ne cæcos raperet Damone consule,  
Qui exæcat tenebris corda rebellium.  
Sublatâ ex oculis Principe Regiâ,  
Quid dicant? dare suspicia supplicis,  
Non audire Deum cordibus intum?  
Non agnoscere eum, nec gemitus suos?  
Princeps salva mari, salva fuit domi;  
Bello illæsa fuit, sed moriens, magis.  
Felix absuit à motibus horridis,  
Nutrix facta fuit Fratribus advenis;  
Multa ostendit ei mira salutarum.  
Post Regem reducem patria cernitur  
Tranquilla, & lætæ exoritur salus  
Contritis. Fugit hinc mens pia Principis  
Ad Patrem & patriam non remeabilem.  
Salva est, & maneat Regia gloria.

*Hannibal Potter Prof. Col.*

*Sanctæ Trin.*

**Q**uam Tibi læta dedit nativas Anglia Cunas:  
Hæc eadem, ah nimium mœsta, Sepulchra dedit.  
Sic repetunt primas coelestia Sidera motus:  
Atque Ortus repetit diva *Maria suos.*

*Mish: Woodward S. Th.D.  
N. Coll. Custos.*

**Q**uam citò Mors vitæ metas, & Tempora ponat!  
Horula quam subitò non reditura volet!  
Quivis Mortalis fragilis, quoque arundinis instar  
Quassatur citius, *Pulvis, & umbra sumus.*  
Eheu! Delicias hominum \* *Frangitque beatum*  
Dilecta ad tumulum est mox comitata \* *Seror.*  
Musa refer gemitus, & ab imo pectore luctus:  
Mille modi mortis, mille doloris erunt.  
Siste tamen: Prestat digito compescere linguam:  
*A Domino factum est: Obicuisse detes.*  
Dum *Parcas* alii, & crudelia Fata queruntur,  
(Nomina Carminibus non nisi spreta meis)  
Ipse Deum veneror, Dominum vitæque, necisque;  
Cujus ab arbitrio singula stantque cadunt.

\* *Hon. Illust.  
Glouc. Prin.  
\* Illust. Ma-  
ria Nassau-  
via Prin-  
ces.*

*Psalm. 39.*

*49*

*Ipse*

**B**

*Epicedia Acad. Oxon. in obitu.*

Summe Opifex rerum *Carolo* benedicere pergas,  
Sub Christo, nostrum est Praesidiumque Decus.

*\*Job. Ley-* Infelix *\*Beccolde* procul, quoque *\*Loyola* abire;  
*den. Ana-* Per vos non steterit, quin foret omne nefas.

*bapt. Pri-* Felices *Caroli* in terris estoite Coronae,

*mip. Ignar.* Attamen in caelis lla perennis erit.

*Loyola Je-*  
*suitarum*  
*Pater.*

*Hem. Wilkinson S.S. Th. D.*

*Anla Magdalena Princip.*

**M**Artem iterum o superi, & civilia reddite bella,  
Armis saeva magis si malefida quies.

Hostilis veniat rabies, si pace sub ipsa

Carpimur, & tutos opprimit alma salus.

Belgarum columen; nomen sacrale Triumphis

*Anriacus*, titulis celsior usque suis:

Cui praiceps niveis plausit victoria pennis

Et plenam increpuit conscia fama tubam:

Per tela & strages, diu discrimina Martis

Auctior; ac fuso tutus ab hoste redit.

Ast urbe in media, positus inglorius armis

Occidit, & morbi victima turpis obit.

Quem non juncta phalanx, non ferrum oppressit; inermis

Sustulerat Medici conscelerata manus.

Insuper Augustus levis, *Glovernius* heros,

Par vita & meritis, par quoque morte cadit.

*Hofica*

Hostica quem casto transibat grandine flamma;

Torreat cæcis ignibus arra lues.

Securus belli, fatalia vulnera sentit;

Et properam invitat perfida cura necem.

Quinetiam ad magni sortem cumulumque doloris,

Et foror & conjux, diva *Maria* venit.

Annos illa decem, dotalia regna ferentes

Aspernata procos; innuba sponsa Deo:

Conjugis ad cineres, & summi numinis aras

Effudit lacrymas; inde vel inde pias.

Sed non amissum satis est deslere Maritum,

Ultrà etiam exequiis est imitata suis.

Cognatam febrem illa petit, gentilia poscit

Ulcera, mors tantâ condicione placet.

Scilicet eximiam decorant hæc splenia frontem,

Sic illa est fratri, sic socianda viro.

Non jam magnanimi memoretur *Porcia* Bruti;

*Arria* nec tumidis laudibus astra petat.

Plures effuso censentur sanguine, terra

Sola lue ostentat, casta *Maria* fidem.

**A**t vero armorum subitus fragor impulit aures;

Bella iterum, à facili reddita bella Deo.

B 2

Terrigenæ

Terrigenæ insano concurrunt agmine fratres,  
Damnatoque olim, prælia Marte novant.  
Conculcant pacem, veterisque oblivia culpæ  
Letheo cupiunt flumine pacta sibi.  
Sed pereunt; fatisque suis, votoque fruuntur,  
Quas menere, Themis reddidit aqua vices.  
Sit felix faustumque nefas, jamque omine dextro  
Accedunt strages, & scelera ipsa placent.  
Exhaustæ tandem subsident numinis iræ,  
Ac purum referet victa procella diem.  
Quin pestes posuere minas, atque oscula figens  
Hæretica mulcet febris amica sinum.  
Mox & regales celebrabit Musa triumphos:  
Siccabit madidas, mœsta Elegeia genas.  
Præstabunt *Carolus* renovata pericula tutum,  
Securumque ipsa prodicione dabunt.  
Deponet spinas, & nigra ferta Cupressus,  
Quæque altis mutant dura metalla comis.  
Tempora quinetiam patrio diademate cinctus,  
Sidereo rutilum sparget ab ore jubar.  
Et cedit fastis, & luce *Georgius*; illa  
Sanctior adveniet, quæ *Carolina* dies.

*John Fell, S. T. D. Eccl.*

*Christi Decan.*

**V**lsere Tergeminos preperans Orangia Frates,  
Decepta est numero ; de Tribus unus abest.  
Hæret, scitatur, discursitat, excutit Aulam :

*Henrici* nomen Regia tota sonat,  
Sed frustra : Ingentem Britonum spem funere raptam  
Dicere nemo andet, reddere nemo potest.

Diffimulat *Maria* metum , gaudetque duobus ;  
Jam rotam *Carolus* , jamque *Jacobus* habet.

Quos dum laeta videt Patria folioque repositos,  
Penè Tribus plures jam putat esse Duos.

At nec sic potis est premere aut lenire dolorem:  
Charum, ubicunque fiet, stat reperire Ducem.

Nec mora : docta viam qua cesserat, heu nimis arctam,  
Non aliam celeri carpit & ipsa pede ;

Dum tandem rutilo sublimem cermit in axe ;  
Lucidaque ætherio scepra tenere polo.

Et jam, Belga vale ; valeatque Britannia, dixit ;  
Pignora felices nostra fovere diu.

Delectant Nati spes amplæ, & Gloria Fratrum ;  
Attamen *Henrici* plus mihi Regna placent.

*Geor. Blount* S. T. D. Coll. A

*Walter. Gualtherus*, antiqui

Cum pioni reuoluit illi

Castroque præcipue

**I**nfamientis quod Populi scelus,  
Quæ (Duplicato funere Principum,  
Delicta gentis pervicacis  
Immeriti luitis Penates?  
Ad fratris urnam dum cineres legis,  
Et tota sacris lacrymulis mades  
Te ne aula crudeli profana  
Imperio violare Clotho?  
O magna sacri filia *Caroli!*  
Germana magni Regia *Caroli!*  
Utrinque, virtutum larisque  
Fœderibus, sociata Divo,  
Vultu reſedit caſta Venus tuo,  
Et pura frontem Lilia punxerant  
Sed major invicti pudoris  
Forma fuit, niveuſque candor,  
Quanquam jugales ſollicitent Proci  
Lucere cædas. Auriaco fidem  
Corloque præſtas, & ſacrato  
Pectore, reſſigilatus ardor  
Accendit ignes. Vidi ego cum pia  
Aſtris ſupinas intuleras manus  
Cum prona templis advoluta es  
Cœlicolas precibus fatigans,

*Maria!*

*Maria ! quæ commercia cœlites*

*Tecum facessunt ? quisve animus tibi*

*Secura cum Divos salutat*

*Vota piis animata flammis ?*

*Maria ! cœlo digna nimis frui !*

*Immissa, (terras dum colis) ætheri !)*

*Cognata te deposcit Aëtos*

*Quæ patrio micat igne Cœlum.*

*Jo. Dolben, S. T. D. Adia*

*Christi Præbend.*

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**E**Rgone adhuc pestas, labes foedissima, sanctos  
Exhaustire lares ? de posteritate comesta

Quod superest ? nuper fuerat numerosa propago.

Quam nec in arctatis poterat monstrare tabellis

Pictor, inoccidui tot erant fundamina scopii :

At nunc de serie tantâ manet unus & alter ;

Qualia succi si nemonis plantaria, quales

Linguit pauperibus raros vindemia botros.

Unam seposui (sibi dixerat Anglia) gemmiam

Subsidium reliquis ; Haga, hæc tibi pignora trado,

Principibus tutum nostris Tu semper Asylum :

Illâ perit ; tristemque Chorum tot mortibus implet.

*Vixisset*

Vixisset cerrè Illa diu, nisi fortior undis  
Et bene discissi spernens divortia mundi  
Vixisset reduces (nunquam ipsi reducta) penates;  
Fratribus optatura, ipsi amissura salutem:  
Immemor heu fuerat Pietas remeraria, nobis  
Quanti hic constet Amor, quanta inclementia cœlis:  
Heu quoties nimidum chari lethalia carpunt  
Oscula, & infestos inter moriuntur amores!  
Dic precor, ô cœlum, Procerum quò provida cura,  
Dum *Carolus* inimica suis capita impia tollunt,  
Dum tradunt meritis spirantia viscera flammis,  
Ec figunt coctos palis monitoribus artus,  
Si venas ipsas intrat, subtilior hostis,  
Pustula carne latens maculis inimica rubellis;  
Si propriis perit infidiis, si vulnere muto  
Vastat securam natus proditor Aulam!  
At, nos dum eripimus sævis arma enthea scdis,  
Qui commentitios sperant de nube Monarchas,  
Et sibi scepera vasti sub amico nomine Jesu  
Blasphema pietate parant, finemque voventes  
Omnibus imperiis dibaphorum obtundimus enses,  
Tu, Cœlum, Augustæ stirpi plus noxia fata  
Tolle domi; prohibe morbos, ex mollia tela

*Tha. Locke S. T. D. Academicus*  
*Proto-Bibliothecarius*

Quo vehitur vesana raris? Neptunia regna,  
Nec satis Augustum est æquoris exitium?

Si conjuratis mare totum exarsuerit Euris,

Ista tamen nostro mitior unda solo.

Tutior abmoti's Princeps domineris in oris,

Exosa est tantas extera terra Neces.

Belgia quæ Sacrum Tibi diripuisse Maritum

Aula est, in Vestro-viſa Modesta rogo.

Belgia, campeſtas, scopuli, poruere referre

Hæc Tibi Terrores: Anglia ſola, Lues.

At quia Te Medicæ vox eſt ſuccumbere culpa,

Vestræque de noſtrâ funera gente queris:

Si Tua præcipiti violavit brachia ferro,

Si nimis exiliæ ſumme vena ſaurit,

Si quiſquam cæco laſciſ neminiſque uſuſque

Hæc olim ægrotum Muſa ſequare prece:

Non alium exploret Medicum, morbiſque prematur

Non aliis, aliam nec ſibi præſtet opem.

Ἦν ὁπότε δ' ἄλλοις χρὸνόμεναι δαίμονες,

Μοῖσεν δ' ἄλλοις χρὸνόμεναι δαίμονες.

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Μοῖσεν δ' ἄλλοις χρὸνόμεναι δαίμονες.

οὐδὲ μὲν ἀνθρώποις χάρις δὲλα τίματι τίττον.

Κόμην τῆς ψυχῆς δὲ δινάβρεα.

MARTINUS LLELLIN.

M. D. Med. Reg. jurat A. B. M. Princip. Col. Land. Secius.

**Q**ualis ad attonitos, violato Numine, Divos  
Mortali rediit vulnere laesa Venus,  
Et Diomedæi vestigia cruda furoris  
Explicuit, superis quæ metuenda tulit:  
Talis adest Princeps, Cælo mirante, Beatis  
Tam similem vitæ, sic potuisse mori.

*Tho. Millington. M.D.*

*C. O. A.*

**E**heu jam satis est, morbilli! parcite stirpi  
Regis, ut Exilium nesciat Ipse Domi.  
Tantum Principibus viduata Palatia mærent,  
Ut fiat Thamefis, quod tibi Rhenus erat.  
Cupressum, & Laurum noscunt tua Tempora: jungunt  
Fata Triumphales, Funereosque Rogos.  
Mactæ Animo, geniti plebeâ face Comæz  
Affedant Solium, Sole cadente Tuò.

*Job. Lamphire M. D. Profess.*

*Hist. N. C. S.*

**A**T quæ non ovæ jam mortis exequiæ manent ?

Quam iusta ritè sint Glocestris Duci

Prius soluta, seu peracta sacra sint,

Ita indecènter quis rogus nos iusticat,

Aut inde fugiens anima provocat Stygem ?

Quæcunque fiet, ad iusta clamat impotens,

Mærore scilicet, luctuque mortuus.

Si qua umbra carminè obsequitur, inanis est

Repetitio rei, dolendi formula;

Nam exeruit ultimò suas vires dolor.

Profusa quin ut sanguinis dispendia,

Quis tulerit, ab alio latere plus hauserit ?

Chirurgus acer, mortis antè Candidum

Sic luce donans, sed dolore tam gravem,

Ingratus ut mallet necem habuisse Medicam.

Sic nos ad imum fata iunctant jecur,

Lævòque ( quasi ) latus per foramineum perunt;

Insederatque qui dolori accedere

Quid posse patet, & vulnus exquiescere,

Mortemque supra primam, adhuc mori juvat.

Fugit illa nempe floris in lucis suæ  
 flore lepidissima, & venustissima Dea,  
 Aurora vultu cujus enituit ira,  
 Ut cedere loco nollet, aut se abscondere  
 Suum ut Meridiem videret, aut polum.

Genis rubens, risu micuit, ac nubeculas  
Dispulit, & auravit, diemque reddidit:  
Verecunda, grata, casta, facilis, amabilis  
Quæ stringeret, quæ solveret, lubrica suo  
Seu liberè, seu sorte subditos sibi.

Vultique vivo, amabilisq; ut clariis,  
Ita animæ amantis novitius intricatum,  
Quæ nequitiam deficit, aut vim perdidit  
(Parentis excepto audierit ubi necem)  
Ut ista genii, haud ingent bonitas foris.

Luteræ matrem tenens adiit piâ,  
 Anulæque Gallicæ recepta splendide  
 Illam signat, & hanc elevat præsentia  
 Suâ, mulier & filia ( utraq; ritus  
 Vel Reges usque licet ) admirabilis.

*Seren. Maria Princip. Arca.*

At qualiter Fratrem est an ore reverita,  
Fratrésque singulos in adversis colens,  
Ut Hagam eis Comitem, & amicam fecerit,  
Ii forte soli nôre: nobis non licet,  
Quos ejus ( illis quod fuit honestum ) pudet.

At nôre pariter Rhenus, & Moeni genz,  
Facilisque Mosa confluens in ambitum  
Concinere gestit, ut nuper regem suum  
Comitata, principes tibi reliquerint  
Genísque Nympharum novum, & Colomiam.

solertiam mentis probare plurimí  
Belgæque, Gallísque mobiles & exteri  
Aut sese hiantes quotquot Aufiaci rei  
Monstrare, quam reliquit adeo providè,  
Vt prorsus immatura mors haud venerit.

Pietatis autem gratia ubi nos viseric,  
Pudenda mors ipsam è variolis abtulit:  
O variolas, in posterum tam nomine  
Nunquam venusto nuncupandas, sed lues  
Britannica, ac gentis novissimus pudor!

**THO. TANNER**

*Acad. Proc. & Coll. Novo.*

**C** Rescit ut in Lybicus, gustata cade, Lernis  
Irritata magis quam satiata fames :  
Aut ut plura vorat post pabula edacior ignis,  
Et semel hausta novam provocat unda sitim:  
Sic rapit atra lues Fratrem prædata, Sororem ;  
Pandit & ad cædes cædibus illa viam.  
At non Hanc Morbus rapuit, sed dira Medela:  
Tutius hæc, & non certius ille necat.  
Quis novus hic fuso reparat qui Sanguine Vitam ?  
Speravi Medicum, præstitit ille Scotum.  
Regia Stirps pariter fatalem sentit & hostem;  
Seu pugnando Scorus, seu medicando necer.  
At Tu, quæ Princeps, quæ Regia tota refulges,  
Principis & Soboles & Soror atque Patens;  
Quicquid habet Gallus, quicquid Regale Britannus,  
Quicquid ab Auriacis nobile fluxit Avis,  
Sola tenes; tot, Sola jaces, Compendia Regum.  
Te capit, at Titulos non capit Urna tuos.  
Vix dum Nupta suo, quin et sumus Orba, Marito;  
Egisti viduâ Virginitate dies.  
Cur infelici renovas sponsalia busto ?  
Facta nimis Coniux, & nimis inde Soror.  
At neque majestas, nec Te tua forma tuetur ?  
Mors, credo, hæc Oculos clauferat ipsa suos.  
Heu ! magis in Pulchros sævit vis invida morbi,  
Et plus formosas appetit ille genas.

Quam

Quàm Batavùm undoso modò fulsit ab orbe Maria

Exit ut è mediis Stella lavata vadis!

Quid tamen? Eclipsin fraterno passa sub Orbe

Occidis aspectum tam prope Solis habens?

Nil juvat Amphibios inter vixisse Baravos,

Mutato perimat si nova terra solo.

In te dum vero officio certatur utrîque;

Quàm renovant pugnas Belga Britòque Novas!

Ergòne funestus petitur trans æquora morbus?

Et terrà Angliacà mitius æquor erit?

Quàm non immerito Gallos Regina revisit!

Gallia nam talem vix alit ipsa luem.

At nunc incipiet spirare salubrior aër;

Scilicet à tanto fulmine, purus erit.

Halitus ille etiam purgat quas exit in Auras;

Et mortis causas morte Maria fugat.

Si nec Victa lues, nec dum saturata quiescat;

Jam lassara tamen festâque sistet iter.

Principibus præfaga solent morientibus astra

Sæva, sepulchralis more, nitere, facis.

Cur non signa tulit mors hæc? nempe ipsa Maria;

Præluxit morti Nuncia Stella suæ.

Hospes & Exulibus, vixit comes illa, Neronis;

Et nunc ad Fratres vel moritura venit.

Nec contenta Duos vidisse, emigrat ab orbe

Ut possit tandem sic Tribus illa frui.

*Rob: South, Acad. Orator*

**C**edito Cirra procul, procul & Permessides undæ  
Cedite, quisque sibi nunc Heliconæ dabit.  
Laxavit *Maria* novis jam fontibus ora,  
Atque erit in luctus Ipsa, I legeia suos.  
Ex oculis atras pœscit sibi sepia lymphas,  
Hæc quoque qui dederat Carmina fletus erat.

*Hugo Owen Equ: & Baronetti Filius  
nat. max. ex Ade Christi.*

**C**Arole qui poteras mundum spectare ruentem  
Et Patriæ sicco lumine fata tuæ:  
Inclinas caput, atque immensis cladibus impar  
Non dubitas tantis succubuisse malis.  
Heu dolor invictum superavit; scilicet ille  
I pus qui *Carolus* vinceret hostis erat.

*P. Carteri. ex Ed. B.  
inter Dolleriæ comment.*

**O** Dira terra Regibus, pariter gravis  
Dum sævit, & dum plaudit ! en semper nocens !  
Sed huic negabent Posterì monstro fidem :  
Redeunte *Carolo* plangimus, & angit Frui :  
Diversus agitat Gaudii, & Luctus furor :  
Mirantur ipsa Fata tam subitas vices.  
Incestat Aulam Principis funus recens,  
Et Roseus ille sternitur Taxo torus,  
Thalamusque sudat Facibus, haud Hymen, Tuis.  
Mundum ruentem sistore an tanti fuit  
Sic ut redires Carole, penè exul domi ?  
At, Te Imperante, læta dimittit Deos,  
Nec quærit ultra, nota consumpsit soror,  
Et Mors vocatur Ecstasis, Fatum stupor.  
Congerite Busto quicquid Eoi legunt,  
Creperque flammis omne thuriferum *Nemus*,  
Odora Nubes astra suffundat licet,  
Spirabat illa suavius : sed jam fugit ;  
Nec Gente in una tanta Lux cogi potest :  
Us ubique Populis fulgeat, superos petir ;  
Accendit Oculis Sydera, & fundens Jubar  
Illustrius, ipsa sola nunc spargit Diem :  
Accipiat alius, Lumen Hæc cœlo Dedit.

*Fr. Palmer M. A. Ex Aede Christi,  
Moralis Philosophiæ Professor.*

**E**Rgo per aetheria *Carolus* miracula Dextrae  
 Donatum populi nunquam cessantibus Aris  
 Dimissumque emimus! Tristem dum fata coronam  
 Funere commutant, pretio nec simplice plena  
 Urgent, & geminam possunt bis Invida Mortem.  
 Sic Ridet? Sic numen Amat? Tonat ergo Serenus  
 Jupiter! & Caelo *Carolus* plestente, videmus,  
 Placatum favire Jovem? placet ergo novatis  
 Lucibus antiquos cumulare, oculisque Britannos  
 Nondum siccatos repetito haurire Dolor?  
 O faciles dare magna Deos, non magna tueri:  
 Sic nec Sceptra placeant, Fratrem quo maluit Exit  
 Exclususque frui, *Carolus*, quam perdere Princeps  
 Ad subitum rapitis Buſum, suavemque Sororem  
 Tot fato debente Annos, Aulaeque cruore  
 Venditis hostili quod sanguine noluit emptum  
 Imperium regnantis onus: Non auspice lucu  
 Debuit ad patriam damnari *Carolus* aulam  
 (Di similis Populo per Vinum & Gaudia rupto)  
 Tristis, & Ignotis Lachrymarum Ritibus unctus,  
 Scilicet hic vanas Irarum perditis Artes  
 O duri frustra superi, Mollire cruore

Non

Non opus effrangi Populo jam mollia Sceptra,  
Sceptra pati docta, & Carola gestante, nec ipse  
Formidata reis, cujus clementia nunquam  
Innocuæ sed nec damnatæ prodigavita  
Ipso vel parere docet vel provocat hostes.

Sed perii Princeps cælo notissima : quanti  
Esse piam constar ? Fratris dum gessit avara  
Visere nativos Vultus nuperque Britannos,  
Navigat ad mortem infelix, & funera currit.  
Quam pia servavit timidi reverenti Ponti  
Scævior occidit Pietas, parentibus undis  
Fit solum fatalis Amor. sic gentibus exit  
Flenda, nec unius Populi dolor Axe recepto  
Respicit & gemini spectans certamina Luctus  
Anglorum gemitus laudat, pullosque relinquit  
Non semper Barabos ad funera nostra dolentes.

• At Tu funereum deplorassima princeps  
Sublimis transcendere rogam, nunc visere saltem  
Frat em tuta potes : Tu tandem turba maligna  
Et nunquam pacata manus, violare quietem  
Regis ad exitium pigri, ac nec bella timentis  
Define, sopitumque læssera moribus ostendi  
Non totum noscas Carolum, non parte tremenda  
Quæ tonat, exurgit, atque auxiliariis armis  
Descendent Stuartiæ, (divique frequentes  
Partibus accedent) jam pollens factio Cæli.

Nil timet æqualis Cæsar, regalibus umbris  
Jam solus impletur, Cœlumque remotior Aula est.

*Jas. How. S. T. B. Col. Trin.*

**D**um Baravos medio stagnantes æquore Princeps  
Linqvit, Arausiacos dum refugitque suos;  
Dum procul opposito divisos orbe Britannos,  
Regnaque jam *Carolo* Rege beata perit;  
Non illam tumidis mergunt irata procellis.

Æquora, non sacrum subruit unda caput.  
Cum Latæ veherent Epidauri numina puppes,  
Composuisse suas dicitur æquor aquas:  
Fluctibus Oceani nunc imperat altera Tethys,  
Numinibus magni pareat unda Maris;  
Fata viam præstant, vitreum negat unda Sepulchrum,  
Non recipit magnas flebilis urna Deas.  
Quæ vitam tellus, eadem non fata dedisset,  
Principibus proprio mitior unda solo:  
Cum Carolum reducem, cum fratribus viderat umbram,

Quo cunas olim, repperit illa rogam.  
Quam leve collapsis Patriæ decedere rebus;  
Hæc voluit, patria non nisi stante, mori.

*J. T. A. B. Coll. Magd.*

Quid sibi vult taciti miranda potentia fati?  
Occidit hinc Frater Regius, inde Soror.  
Quum non divisum poterat gens ferre dolorem:  
Cogitur ad geminos flebilis ire rogos.  
Hei mihi quos inter lachymas mens concipit ignes!  
Numquid habet febres & dolor ipse suas?  
Qualis erat, teneras quæ carpsit flamma medullas:  
Principis & sicum torruit igne jecur.  
Ad phaethontæos divinæ principis Ætus,  
Attulimus sero Deucalionis opem.  
Jam cinis est quæ flamma fuit, constatque seuerum  
Frigida mors, Morbi fervidioris opus.  
Vulg ares lachrymas habeant sibi funera vulgi,  
Expirans, reges flere (*Maria*) docet.  
Ornavit templum princeps pulcherrima, nomen  
Ore pio coluit. digna vel ipsa coli.  
Prima sub adventu, cessit postrema Sacello,  
Et precibus nullam sensit inesse moram.  
Sedibus ut sacris adsit, jam mortua templo  
Commisit, vitæ corpus inane suæ.

T. M. A. M.

**Q**uem crebris fletum exequiis, quæ carmina Musa  
Ah semper dolitura dabis, dum sicca recusant  
Lumina & infandi distendunt pectora luctus?  
Quod scelus heu miseri luimus? quæ sidera circum  
Supplicio infectum populum sine fine nocentem?  
Nam gens grata parum fuimus, vel iudice cælo  
Gaudia damnarunt nostros, infans Triumphos?  
Bacchitur Libitina feror, perque æria favos  
Accendit gemitus prætoriosa stragis acervo  
Grande nefas agitar, spernitque Proserpina vulgi  
Omne caput, cuncta magnis intenta Trophæis  
Fatorum invidiam semper mortemque querentur  
Diva tuam! sed si nobis rapienda fuisti  
Cur primum præcepta tibi agnoscendaque nulli  
Hinc fugis? accessitque novo cum crimine morbus  
Ut (formosa) prius sis quam moriæ sepulta:  
Atque malum mortem tibi sædaplanaque paravit.  
Licite jrem vestra Medici si fiditis Arti  
Heu quia nam sacro salientes sanguine venæ  
Tam sædam traxere lucem, sectoque Elephanto  
Purior ista cutis crustæ decesserit atræ?  
Has ubi nunc o Diva rosas, ubi Lilia quæram  
In vultu miranda tuo? quo grata venustas  
Oris & egregia munus spectabile formæ  
Aufugit? dulcem aspectum suavesque lepores,  
Deliciasque tuas nox una at sæva peremit.

Ille quoque alii nivibus quondam monus amula primis  
Scabra jacer, desierque suas violasq; nivesq;  
Tu cur non potius tetra & deformis visu  
Ora gravis infame malum? tibi debita sedes  
Tisiphoneve gena, sur facies invisâ Megara.  
At non vulgaris miseris mortalibus hostis  
Principibus bellum & Dominarum vultibus infero,  
Et tetras commune (nefas) extinguere lumen.  
Jamque gravis totos morbus pervaserat artus,  
Desierantque ullam Medici spernere salutem,  
Ipsa tamen secuta sui est; animumque ferendis  
Omnibus aequalem morbis non fracta reservat.  
Undique cum circum cutis est pice nigrior, intus  
Candida tota manet, tesserunt membra maligna  
Nubes, sed mens est puro intemerata sereno.  
Carceris at pertusa sui pœnitibus alio  
Evolat & summum exultans conscendit Olympum.  
Nec resonant orbis matris plangoribus ædes,  
Absolvitque ingens fletum furor, ista dolorum  
(Quæ donat lacrimas) tantum est pœnilis imago  
Ipse ad supremi Frater sacra Regis  
(Quo minor est uno) tristissima lumina tollens  
Ingemit et tali removel solamine latus.  
*Visa quidem vobis superi mortalibus ista  
Conditio felix nimium, Cælestibus esse  
Æqualem nullasque vices Calumne morari*

*Epicedia Acad. Oxon in obit.*

*Pane datum fuerat, propria hac si dona fuissent.*

*Quae peior melioris potest Fortuna videre*

*Concessum est, partem poterit si reddere laus,*

*Fa mentat qui cuncta dedit. Mox crebuit ingens*

*Rumor, & attonitam volitavit Fama per urbem.*

*At si Diva tuas dotes si Fratris Amorem*

*Ingentesque animos, si Relligionis avitæ*

*Affiduos populus cultus mentemque benignam*

*Expendat, fueritque tuæ quæ Gloria formæ,*

*Nulla dies poterit damnis æquare dolorem.*

*David Whistfordus, Artium Magister*

*ex Aëdo Christi.*

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**L**umina jam pridem lassavimus uda; quid ultra

Lugubres poscunt invida fata modos?

Anglia sic reduces amplectere? sicine, rursus

Ne soboles abeat regia, terra caves?

An forsitan, noster modo quas exercuit ensis,

Nescit jam promptas parca tenere manus?

Nec tamen ablata est huic vita; ut redderet auræ

Natali ad patrium est visa redisse solum;

Componique à Te sua gaudet lumina, quorum

Maximus ut te Rex cerneret usus erat:

Nempe

*Seren. Maria Princip. Auran.*

Nempe suum partita fuit sapienter amorem :

Natum legavit Terra Batava tibi ;

Venerat huc ad Te fratrum Augustissime ; fratrem

Defunctum ad cœlos ut sequeretur, abir :

Anglia te quoque morte juvat ; quæ faucibus orci

In mediis sedem es visa habuisse tuam ;

Proxima jam cœlis loca possedisse videris,

Tam brevis unde datur transitus ad superos.

*Geo. Hooper. A. B. ex*

*Æde Christi.*

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**E**rgo suâ *Carolus* nec dum regnabit in Aulâ,  
Quam morbi, quam mors Imperiosa tenet ?

Morbilli poterint nostrum absolvisse tyrannum,

Non sic in Dominam sœvit iste Domum.

Nescio quid, dubii prius, hinc agnoscimus Angli

Noster *Cromwello* retrius orbis habet :

Heu ! oculos *Caroli* rapto pro Fratre madentes

Rapta itidem siccos non finit esse Soror ;

Auriacæque nocet, dum fulminat æmula cœlum

Ætria, terrestri tam propè adesse Jovi :

Insula jam lachrymis est Anglia ; Belgia stagnas,

Et Tamefis salis & fluit Amstel aquis ;

D

Non

*Epicedia Acad. Oxon in Obitu.*

Non tria sufficiunt ad tantos regna dolores,  
Bina impler tantum litora naufragium.  
Ancipitem Lachesis quasi denudaverat ensen,  
Hinc grave percutiens vulnus & inde dedit:  
Ad patriam *Carolo* sedesque *Maria* Britannas,  
*Henrico* voluit longius esse comes;  
Quæ cum fraternis concepit ab ignibus ignes,  
Astraque luce pari corpus utrumque notant.  
Ille tuis quàm dignus equis cutruque Bootes,  
Et digna hæc cathedra Cassiopæa tuâ !

*Ar. Bret. A. M. ex*

*Æde Christi.*

**U**Sque adeone suas pestes, morbumque potentem

Spargit purpureo sævior aura sago ?

Tam cito læticiam premit horrida pompa ? serenum

Tam subito Turbant Nubila fœda diem ?

Jam modò luminibus lacrymæ cessere priores,

Cum didicit elades fors renovare suas.

Nondum uno contenta Rogo, geminum extruit Ignem:

Heu flammæ infelix, sic licet illa duplex!

Post terræ ingratæ, post tot discrimina ponti:

Siccine mors stabilem sola datura locum est ?

Nimirum

*Seren. Maria Princip. Aurau.*

Nimirum ne Te scelerata potentia rursus

Mittat in Exilium, Tuta sepulchra dabit.

O facinus ! Tali cura sit scavior, & Te

Dum sic tutari nititur, ipsa rapit.

Sola Lues hic rite facit, dum scivit in omnes.

Et Gens in mortem est languida facta — Tuam.

Anglia Tota cadit Tecum ; (ne sola perires)

Se facit Exequias, noxia Terra, Tuas.

*R. Trumbull. A. B. ex*

*Ado Christi.*

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**S**cilicet æternos statuet Libitina triumphos ?

Nec satis ad luctus una ruina novos ?

Durior ah saxis & fluctibus Anglia ! mortes,

Quas Mare non aufit, scavior aura dedit.

Quæ dudum in subitam crevit festiva coronam,

In subitos arbor cogitur ire rogos.

Oceanusque suos modò qui jactavit Amores,

Irrorat lachrymis littora mœsta suis.

Tristior & Batavis currit jam nuncius oris,

Et jungit socias Unda dolore plagas.

Qualis enim cecidit ; *Carolo* quam plena Deoque,

Quanta olim populo gloriæ utrique fuit !

*Epicodia Acad. Oxon in obit.*

Et soror ! & conjux ! & Filia Regia ! cœlis  
Heu ! nimium Princeps illa, propinqua fuit.  
Incaluit tanto gens frigida sydere ; Terris !  
Quod nequeat cœlum, Lux peregrina dedit.  
Quam casti ex oculis ignes ! quæ verba sereno  
Pectore ! Tota Patrem rettulit Illa suum.  
At satis Illa suos quasi non monstraverat ortus,  
Heu præmatturos traxit in astra pedes !  
Morte fuit *Caroli*, mors sola ingrator ista,  
Hoc etiam fatum par utriusque fuit.  
Gens utriusque suo decidisset Principe, Natum  
Ni dederat regnis ille vel illa suis.

*W. Wyat. ex Æde Christi. com.*

**D**um cineres *Henrice* tuos componimus urnâ,  
Feralique micat viva favilla rogo ;  
Non bene sopitis assurgunt ignibus ignes ;  
Mœstaque cognato funere flamma venit :  
Scilicet extructo nigrantis ab aggere busti,  
Arripit ardentem trux Libitina facem.  
Ah nimium ærumnis *Caroli* devota propago !  
Et divum exercent impia fata lares.  
Sacra domus ! tibi quæ præcluserat Anglia terras  
Jam patet, in tumulos sed patet illa quos  
Mitis.

*Seren. Maria Princip. Aurar.*

Mitis erat, cum te patriis pellebat ab oris :

Dum recipit, minus est hospita terra tibi.

Chara etiam Germana suo de littore solvit :

Exilio fratri quàm bene juncta comes !

Quæque olim in curas aderat partemque laborum,

Quæfuit adventu lata fovere suo.

Fraternos venit præsens auctura triumphos,

Pompa sed heu nimium flebilis ipsa fuit.

Venit & indoluit jam damna antiqua renasci ;

Sedit germano præfica mœsta rogo.

At postquam justo satis indulgisse dolori,

Et satis imbre pio visa rigasse genas :

Accipe me sociam, nec sic divellimur, inquit,

Ibimus : *Henrici* febris amica veni,

Dixerat : inque sinu fraternos concipit ignes.

Nec mora : quæ præiit frater in astra volat.

*Philippus Fell, A. M. ex*

*Æde Christi.*



**P**ost tam lugubrem, motu quem tulit Anglia, casum ;

Invidiam, satis quis superesse putet ?

Belgia nobiscum plorabit terra : duabus

Et bis lugenda hæc gentibus una cadit.

Oceanumque

Oceanumque, duas qui nunc determinat oras,  
Hauriet in lachrymas utraque Terra suas.

*Tho. Martin, A. B. ex*

*Æde Christi.*

**I**llachrymans huc Belga affer queis cingeris undas,  
Communis gentem jungit utramque dolor.  
Sola feret nunquam tam crebras Anglia clades,  
Pressa nimis primo funere terra gemit.  
Hic nimium sponsum tu nunc imitata *Maria* es,  
Ut factis ; vita sic brevitate tua.  
Auriacum juvenem, rediit cum victor Iberi,  
Febris ab amplexu sustulit atra tuo.  
Post Patris, sponsi, propioraque funera fratris  
Tuta ; inter populi gaudia plena peris.  
Sic *Caroli* proles sibi debita sceptrum reposcit ?  
Sic solum Princeps ut mori redis ?  
Patria sola noverca tibi est ; illique reliquit,  
Quod non ausa fuit, terra Batava nefas.

*Wigan, Ed. Chr. Alumn.*

**C**U rarum longus modo nos confecerat ordo,  
Nunc infelices Gaudia seva necant.  
Sic quos longa fames tantum non sustulit, illis  
Sæpius in mortem cesserat ipse cibus.  
Jam fera bella tacent, jam non Mavortia signa  
Cernimus, at morbi bella quieta movent.  
Quem nec *Cromwellus* fato crudelior ipso,  
Quem neque sustulerat mitius Exilium:  
Quem non infidix, non strictus læserat ensis,  
Eripuit nobis pustula dira Ducem.  
Sed majora premunt repetitaque damna; Triumphis  
Accensa, inservit mœsta favilla rogis.  
Quid præceps navem solvis? quid visere Terram  
Regina infidam non reditura paras?  
En ut turbato concurrunt æquore fluctus,  
Et prohibent reditum ventus & unda tuum.  
Venisti patrios tandem visura penates,  
Sed mors æternâ lumina nocte premit.  
Venisti nostros Princeps auctura Triumphos,  
Producit Pompam sed Libitina suam.  
Quam bona servarunt externas fata per oras  
Incolumem, tandem Patria seva necat.  
Attamen hæc ingens confert Solatia damnum,  
Carole jam nobis Charior esse potes.

*Edwardus Littleton Equ. Aur. fil.  
nat. Max. Commens. super. or-  
dinis, ex A. de Christi.*

**Α**ΐζω τὸν πότμος ἀγαλνέοιο Ἀρά τῃς  
 τῆς Μαρίας, ἣν κῆρες ἀφαιρήσαντο μέλαινα,  
 Ἡλικίῃ πεδαιῶν, ἰδ' ἥβης ἀνθ' ἔχουσιν,  
 Κέλλαι ἢ χαίρειαι περ πρὸς εἰνὶ γυναιξίν,  
 Ἄμμι δὲ πίνθ' ἔδωκεν ἀπνέας αἰὲν ἄλυσον.  
 Ἄλυσά μοι σφαχέϊ τε θάπαι, τῇ Ἀγγλικῇ ὕδωρ,  
 Καὶ ποταμῷ, κρήνῃ τε, καὶ ὕδατος τοιήνη,  
 Οὕρα τῶν Βελόνων τὰ δυσέρτα, ἐκ ὀνομασά,  
 Οὐ πλέον ἀργύρεα φερόεις πύλων τῶν ὕμν,  
 Οὐκ ἔτι παρ' ὀφθαλμοῖς κορυφαί μοι ὄμβροιο  
 Τ' φηλοὶ τῶσσι ὅσιν ἐν ἀκροτάτῃσιν ἀνέρες.  
 Ὦ λυτο λαμπροτάτων Μαρίας κλέθ' αἰτὺ τοκῆων,  
 τῆς ὑδὲν μερόπιασι Διδὸς τελέστα μῆτις  
 Ἐαυρότερον τερπνοῖσιν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὄρεθ'·  
 Ἡμῶν δ' ἄλγος ὄλωλε πολυποῖον, ὧ' μέλα λυχαῖ  
 Μοῖρα ἀφαιρήσας, καὶ ἀμοίλῃσι! Ἀρχεῖς σπένδους  
 Μοῦσαι Ὀλυμπιάδες καὶ λήγας δακρυχέουσας  
 Μολῶν τὴν γλυκαρῆς, καὶ ἀμύμονος ὄρχομοῖς.  
 Οὗτοι δυστομίῃσι τελευτῶσι καὶ ἑαυτῇς,  
 Αὐτὰρ ἀπαθελῶν, ἡμῶν δ' ἔνεκ' ἀμπλακιδῶν.  
 Ὡς εἴμεις ἐπὶ λέγων, ἄφρων μέγα καί περ ὅμιλος  
 Ἄλλο δολῆ, τῷ ἑδὲν διζυρώτερον ἡμῖν  
 Πάντων, ὅσα τε γαῖαν ἐσιπνέειν τε καὶ ἔρπει.  
 Ἀλλὰ θεοὶ τούτοις κεκλῆν δάσυσσι τελευτήν.  
 Οὐτομα δ' εἰ τῶν μακαλήνηθ' Ἀγαλθ',  
 Αὐτὸς δακρυόνης ἐπισχερὸς οὗτοι ἔσονται

*Seren. Maria Princip. Aurau.*

Ἡ εὐλοιο βολῆσι δεικνύτας αἰδομέντοιο,  
Ὅπποτε λαμπύρανθ' ἔμψαν δρυγὰν ἀμφοτεβήκει.  
Ἡ δὲ τι μνηδίδον, μαλαρὲς δ' ἀκλῆγας ἴησι,

Ἡ ὁλοσχεδίασι Νικέλαθ' ἡ φλοῖδθ'  
τεχνῶν Διδάσκαλθ' Συναδρίη  
Ὀυδαμῖος Ἐπιῖρος.

**E** St locus, unde suis longe sublimius astris  
Emicat, & vastis se cœlum amplectitur ulnis;  
Illic & risûs, & nulli obnoxia fato  
Gaudia bacchantur; spargit diviniôr ignis  
Æternum sine nocte diem, sine nube serenum:  
Illic cana Fides, placidique modestia vultus,  
Et picturatas induta scientia vestes  
Regna tenent; illic se terrâ pulsa Britannâ,  
Et terras exosa alias Astræa recepit,  
Quæ *Carolo* redeunte redit, magnôsq; recessus  
Pectoris arcani complevit viribus ignis;  
Illic per mediam lucem, sine corporis umbris,  
Ingentes animæ comitatæ plausibus errant,  
Grandiâque æternis immiscent pectora flammis.  
Ante alios omnes multo splendore refulgent  
Angliaci reges, radiôsq; per æthera fundunt  
*Henrici, Edwardique* & nomina magna *Willhelmi*;

**E**

Quos

Quos inter, lauróque & multrá cinctus olivá  
Perpetuá fruitur securus pace *Jacobus*,  
Et quæ jam terris docuit miracula laudar.  
In medio reliquos unus supereminet omnes  
*Carolus*, aureola insignis, quæ divite gemma  
Sidereos vultus & lúmina díla procatur;  
Sub pedibus fracti fasces, spretæque coronæ;  
Sceptráque & arma jacent, dubiæ ludibria sortis;  
Ipse indefesso divinam lumine formam  
Figit, & assiduis compensat bella triumphis,  
Grataturque sibi mortem, veniámque precatur  
Hostibus immeritis, sed nondum obducta cicatrix  
Efferat monstra verat minimam sperare salutem.  
At quanquam lachrymæque omnes, sævique dolores,  
Tædiæque Augusto cesserunt Martyre dudum;  
Quanquam adventantem solio propiore locavit  
Diva parens, genitræque ejus Diis proximus heros:  
Respexit tamen ille suam cum conjuge prolem,  
Inviditque illam terris, cupiitque potiri  
Vincens fortunam animis, virtutibus annos,  
Impatiensque moræ, mox charam accersit Elifam,  
Illa animam luctuque, & anhelu peccatoris æstu  
Ursit in extremo jamdudum limite stantem,  
Quam semel acceptam Genitor complexibus arctis  
Detinuit, summósque illi spiravit amores;  
Cætera permisit numen, q uod nominis hæres.

Et regni *Carolus* solatia sortis haberet  
At postquam furis & diræ afflaribus Hydra  
Libera sensisset divinas Anglia fraudes;  
Postquam illum ad patrias ultrò revocasset habenas  
Et cælum, & populus conspirans cœlitus omnis;  
Crevit amor Patri, desideriumque Suorum,  
Et negat ambages, & terris vellet amatum  
Dimidiare decus. Precibus Deus annuit, Arma  
( Quando tam pulchræ concessa est copia prædæ )  
Mors festina manu sapiens pernicibus alis  
Evolat, *Henrichumque* petit; sed summa juvenus  
Et summus decor oris erat quæ flectere possent,  
Et paulum flexere, sed ut tot digna *Caroli*  
Verba audir, morèstque vider, jam *Nestora* credens,  
Tòtque illum durasse senem indignata per annos,  
Vulneribus ter mille fodit, cœloque remittit.  
Nec mora, Arausiacam versus, fera brachia torquet,  
Et nimis artificii despectens pollice nervum,  
Ebria fraterno jaculatur sanguine tela,  
Ingentemque rapit, Medico famulante, *Mariam*,  
Ergo ubi jam sedes pervenerat Illa bearas,  
Immenæ celsere fores, & murmure lato  
Personuit cælum, flammisque recentibus arsit,  
Indigetique novæ cœli applausere coloni:  
Accurrunt Charites, verbisque affantur amicis,  
Miranturque novam; veniunt & mille lepores,

Et Themis, & lento incedens Prudentia passu,  
Et Pietas, meritóque illi gratantur honores,  
Injiciuntque humeris peplum, Divámque salutant:  
Nec non & celebrem cupiunt invisere nepim  
Nassovii Comites, tot belli fulmina, totque  
Ornamenta togæ, fortis Waltravus, & acer  
Janus, & Illyrico perfusi sanguine Othones,  
*Henricus*que uno gaudentes nomine pacis,  
Quin umbris mistus properat *Gulielmus* avitis,  
Et prior esse cupit conjux, jamque oscula libat,  
Amplexúque novo veteres testatur amores;  
Multa super nato rogitans, Batavóque senatu.  
At Pater, ut primum venisse acceperat illam;  
Descendit, secumque trahit cum fratre sororem,  
Molitúsque viam per densas nititur umbras:  
Circumstant, junguntque manus, & mutua turbant  
Oscula, & amplexus. Tanta est concordia discors.  
Mox fessi de gente sua *Carolus*que requirunt;  
Illa immane nefas, & monstro atrocius illo,  
Quo totis quondam connixum viribus Orcum  
Loliola devicit, properoque immittere cælo  
Pacífico summum voluit cum Rege Senatum,  
Suspensis dubiisque refert; sed principe dignus  
Exitus attonitis reddit sua gaudia Divis:  
Protinus exultant, mediisque in plausibus illam  
Deducunt, solioque locant, ubi sidera vincat,

Et coeleste suo collustret lumine lumen.  
At tu summe Deus, cujus frænatur Olympus  
Arbitrio, legúmque modus conscribitur æquus,  
Promissam præstato fidem, nec tollito terras  
Dimidium decus, & multos servato per annos  
*Hæreticæque parem Veneri, Martique Jacobum:*

Nè dum fideribus *Carolini* jungere plaustris  
Sidera sic pergas, sub mole fatisceret ingens  
Signifer, & dubio natarer vertice pressus.  
Quin si quando illos cælum sibi poscat avarum,  
At, *Carolus*, quo jam meritò rectore superbit  
Anglia, & ingentes deponit solpitem lucidus,  
Incolumem servato diu, ne Principis uno  
Vulnere non unos perimat Libitina Britannos:  
Cumque supremam illi dederint post sæcla quietem  
Fatorumque vices & ineluctabilis ordo,  
Se tumalum præstent tria regna, & fidera regnum.

*Jos. Taylors. A. B. Col.*

*D. Joan. Bapt. Socini.*

Cælum oritur, dum terra cadit: dum curia luget  
Funera, natales en novus orbis agit.  
Lux imbro mista est; ridet, dum plorat olympus:  
Diluvium, & nimias hæc vetat Iris aquas.

Stella

Stella later, sed Phoebus adest solatia tantis  
Non nisi sic potuit sors reculisse malis.

*Joh. Foster Commensalis*

*Col. D. Jo. Bapt.*

**F**ullmen ubi strepitu resonans exterruit orbem,  
Pulsâ nube solet laetior ire dies.  
Ethere sed verso, lacrymarum depluit imber,  
Læus & in m. æstâ mergitur ignis aquâ.  
Stamina, Penelopæ Lachetis imitata, rexit,  
Candida quæ traxit fila, secundo nigrat.  
Aspicias, exangui pallefcit charta colore,  
Purpura quod sacro sanguine tincta rubet.  
Quam dolor emollit, stupor hanc glaciaverat undam;  
Marmora sic lacrymant, cum lapidescat aqua.  
Gutta sit illa magis *Cleopatra* gemmea, vitis  
Perdidit, heu! gemmam quod *Carolina* suam.  
Nereis & pelagi cecidit Venus alma Batavi,  
Quam deslere satis sola procella potest.

*Joh. Eldred, Soc. Joan. A. B.*

**P**erimus Angli ille nos miseros modis  
Libitina stringit, paterque fatorum vices  
Discurrit omnes: Casside & parma modò  
Terribilis instat, vel truci belli morâ  
Ferit minutim; modò gravi venat lue,  
Turpsque vultus Principum sacros gelu  
Scelerata stringit, nec cruore Regii  
Satiata Juvenis; ejus illustris decus  
Movere cautes poterat aut torvas lupas,  
Savire pergit. Cecidit unicum decus  
Batave-Britannum, *Caroli* nata & Soror,  
Conjux *Wilhelmi*, quamque avo dignam Scoto  
Mens pace gaudens, celsa Borbonio tulit.  
Plorate Carti, tuque, Rhene, divitis  
Rigator orz lucibus pares aquas  
Committite *Thamesi*, qui lachrymarum vortice  
Te seque digno marmor *Augustum* tigez.

*Ed: Cressy A. B. Sec. 2*

*Coll: D. Joan. Bap.*

**E**cce iterum in carmen damnis flebile Musas;  
Et tantum lachrymis Castalis unda dabit.  
Cognati cineres una versantur in urna:  
Et Soror extincto sic quoque juncta Duci est.  
Non potis est dignos fletus prestare Britannus,  
Jam vestigales Belga ministrat aquas.  
Tu pelagi Rector, mandas hos, *Carole*, fletus,  
Nostra etiam imperio serviat unda tuo.

*Beri, Althurnham super: ord.*

Com. ex Aëde Chr.

**S**iccine *Carolidis* infestus patrius aër;  
Nostraque Principibus sola nociva lues?  
Quod non exilium, quod non truci*s* ira Tyranni,  
Hoc tellus tantum viti Britannia tulit?  
Nec satis est simplex tibi victima, Parca rebellis!  
Funera nulla tibi ni geminata placent!  
*Hemius* periit, tenuit mora nulla Sororem,  
Dulce mori, liceat dum modò fratre frui.  
Turture sic socio gemuit viduata palumbes,  
Et putat ulterius vivere velle nefas.

*Hen. Davies Joannensis.*

جاءت بعض الرغبت شوقي الحرام  
مولدها خالها والبيض الامام  
لكي تمنى بذكر العهد الحرام  
الها وبالشهرة حضرة الهمام  
فوجدت اخيها ان هذا علي ارض  
كان قد اقنعت الملك من هوى الاقوام  
فان اخر الرقعة راح الماشيوت رقت له  
بل مضى من الحرة قدم الصاقان له  
في شدة قطعت سبعة الاسوار  
حتى اجازت بطعة عالىف الاجسام  
فهي قبلها الشق في جلا القدام  
ثم امكنها الله ابد السلام  
مثل القربا فصح كمار في الشفعة  
تشرق من السماء صفوة الجسام  
ورايها ندم قارة سبعة

وقارة ستة ثم بعض اللام  
ولكن يشرق في الفلك المدام  
ان رام صانة جانة ملك الايام

اخاء الخلافة قضى الله قدير  
ان يتكل صغار فجاج السلام الف  
قبل لكبار ما كليل امره  
وهبق السعد اشوق من ذكر الامام  
الزعم مريم وابنة مريم  
فرا وصفا بصرت خلق اليلام  
كما خلق شمس ففني علوم الدين  
في طوفان البداع فابته مقام  
وبنو ذهرها فكانت في  
الشرف نصب الفضيلة لغرو لولم  
عمر الله كارولك جليل ايها  
يعقوب قزع العهدة اوديو الطكارم  
اعلمي صاول الامم زانسا  
كارول قومه عزرا وراعي  
العلام

E. Bernard A.B. Coll.  
D. Joan. Bapt. Soc.

العلام

קים

יחי אפי' יהודה חיה בעונינו :

כי נעשה פרץ גדול בארצנו

הוי נמרה מרים אחותי להמך

אשר חסידה לא דומה בכל פלך

הוצק כשפתותיה חן בלא חדור

יפו פעמיה כטוב יפי גרול

אשה ברובה חרבה מכנור ארס

לקח יהודה לד ארתה עתה עולם

דמו שמחת מפניו והשירה ד

גם נהפכו על מות שרה כחגיגור

Thomas Smith,

College Regina,

College Regina,

College Regina,

College Regina,

College Regina,

**I**nfula fit proprio constantior aequore damnis,

Mutârunt solitas portus & unda vices.

Nil præter lacrymas, ventos, suspiria, nimbos :

Una procella mihi tota videtur hyen.s.

Mos reliquis tantum breviorẽ reddere lucem,

Hæc tamen est totam tollere nixa diem.

Pa

Pax armata reedit, bello crudelior ipso,  
Dat duo, quæ secum funera plura trahent.  
Febre pari extinxit Regis cum Fratre Sororem :  
Quod nequirit ferrum, flamma maligna facit.  
Hunc Martem, Venerem Vulcanus credidit illam,  
Retibus hinc missis jam dat utrumque socis.

*Tbo: Smish,*

**N**Atalem quæ, læta, diem thalamosque canebat  
Imbre rigat tumulum, Diva, Camæna tuum,  
Siccine, perpetuò quibus est caritura, reversos  
Enecat amplexu terra Britannia suo ?  
Num rabidos tygres imitata est illa, cruore  
Quos semel imbutos, sanguinis urget amor?  
Mœstus Iſis Rhenum sibi jungar, Leida Calenam;  
Ex sumat Batavos Anglica Musa sonos.  
Divisas gentes (quod nondum fecerat Hymen)  
Æternum poterit consociare dolor.

*G. Stringer, ex Aed.*

*Christi Com.*

**E**T quæ tanta fuit, divisos orbe Britannos,  
Atque iterum patrios cura videre focos ?

*Scilicet*

*Serena Maria: Principi Arce;*

Scilicet ignota jam non decumbis arena;

Regali fruitur pulvere Terra parens.

Phœbe adsis, Musaque novem Iugere parata;

Ploretis Mariam Pieridum Decimam.

Quid? quod (nos miseros) ea tempora moesta Cupressus,

Quæ toties laurum commuerere, tegit.

Tali in mense putet quis talia funera, Christi

Natalis, mortas cedit in exequias.

Auriaci, stabas quæ Principis unica conjux,

Prima etiam *Caroli* Filia Regis eras.

Te Lugdunensem Batavorum flere Camœnam

Oxoniz docuit carmine Musa suo.

*Gulielmus Parker, Schol:*

*Novi Colleg.*

---

**D**um turgent oculi, flagrantque rubore recente,  
Et dum quæque madet nube priore gena:

Mors incesta pari nectit cum Fratre sororem

Fato; unus Medicus, morbus & unus erat.

*Edvardus Trapps commens. super.*

*ordin. Ex AEdo Christi.*

**A**ugustam Caroli sacra de stirpe *Mariam*  
Indigna angusto continet urna sinu :  
Filia quæ, Conjuxque simul, Genitrixque Regentis,  
Ter Felix vero dicier ore potest.  
Ast Anima, hæc spermens, flammâ aspirante cremavit  
Co fus, & hic solos deposuit cineres.

*Jonas Proast Reginensis.*

**F**levimus *Henrici* ad tumulu'm, immensisque ruinis  
Fracta parentata est Anglia moesta Duci.  
Occidit heu germana ! & qua via lactea Fratrem  
Duxerat, illa magis lactea tendit iter.  
Occidit heu Princeps non una in gente gemenda,  
Nec satis ad luctus Anglia tota suos.  
Vos igitur Batavi nova fœdera pangite, sletus  
Alter & inter nos æstuet Oceanus.  
Vos lacrymis implete sinus & littora fluctus  
Plangite : Nereidum dum perit ipsa Thetis.  
Absorpsit tellus cui mitior unda pepercit,  
Principibus tellus invidiosa suis.  
Littoribus nostris Batavum gens naufraga fertur;  
Haud ratis, haud classis, Terra sed ipsa perit.  
Forsitan & jam nunc salis juvat ire sub undis;  
Quæ fuerat Magnes jam Cynosura micat.

*Eran. Drope A. M.*

*à Col. Magd.*

**N**on *Carolo* ereptam querimus, Libitina, Sororem,  
Nec mala *Cæsares* sic geminata domus.  
Sed genus est quod nos angit miserabile lethi :  
Debueras aliter pulchra *Maria* mori.  
Tetra lues, roseasque urebant ulcera malas :  
Quæque *Venus* fuerat, nil nisi nævus erat.

*Jo. Coventree è Coll.*

*Regin. Gener.*

**S**ic illæ, *Maria*, rosæ sic *Lilia* marcent ?  
Exspiratque tuis purpura casta genis ?  
Illam bruma rigens remeraſti frigore formam,  
Candidior nivibus quæ fuit una tuis ?  
Sic *Carolo* accedis erudi solaria luctus ?  
Auriaca est iterum sic viduata domus ?  
Demissis te luxit Amor miserabilis alis,  
Ingemuit faris & *Cytherea*, tuis.  
Sidereisque oculis nubes lacrymosa pependit ;  
Haud alia in pueri funere *Diva* fuit.  
Sic tantum fas exequias celebrasse *Maria*;  
Sola *Venus* tanto est *Præfica* digna rogo.

*Jacob. de Carteret, ex Edo*

*Christi* inter Doctores  
Commensalis.

*Epicedia Mosd. Oxon in obit.*

**Q**uam male non æquis reddes convitia fatis  
Anglia, principibus noxia terra tuis !  
Scilicet antiquum retines mælefina venenum,  
Cromwellumque tuum sordida pestis agit.  
Cum modo vaginâ eductos non cernimus enses ;  
Impia nec populus sævus in arma ruit.  
Fœdiles inrrant angusta palatia morbi,  
Suntque satellitio rura nec illa suo.  
Hinc nos, ô Princeps! letho citò pulsa relinquis,  
Solamen paritæ, deliciæque tuz.  
Regia progenies dominari in cætera nata es;  
Cur non imperio est mors subigenda tuo !

*Fran. Esde. A. B. ex*

*Esde Christi.*

**M**ariam flemus, quia mortua ? fallimur omnes  
Hoc ipso incepit vivere, quod moritur.  
Mortalis fuerat, mortalis desiit esse ;  
Ut nunquam possit, debuit illa mori.

*Johan. Lee, Coll. Reg.*

**C**arolus exequias atque intermissa Parenti  
Dum pius instituit solvere iusta suo:  
Luditur heu! uni (nimis hoc) dum busta parentis  
Strangulat accensum mors cumulata rogam.  
Occidit, & gemino temerat funebria luctu,  
Diva soror sexus gloria prima sui.  
Pro dolor! *Henricum* cum non reperire licere,  
Fraternam infelix invenit ipsa luem.  
Nec licuit iustis, saltem superesse Paternis,  
Sed pompæ facta es pars, malè fida comes.  
Morte parentaris dilectis manibus? hostis.  
Sic funus *Caroli* qui celebraret erat.  
Tu paritèr virtute & sanguine filia patris  
Vivere debueras in monumenta tui.  
At quoniam lucem fugisti, sola paternæ  
Ingens depositum quæ pietatis eras:  
Quis dubitat *Carolum* modò sat meruisse sepulcrum,  
Cui bis contigerit, te moriente, mori.

**H**  
*Robertus Esley, Adu.*  
*Christi,*

*liber ord. Comment.*

**C**ommunem poscunt luctum communia damna,  
Hic non ad plangens gens erit una satis;  
Si quando amittit germen stirps Regia, mundus  
Sentit, & (ut Phæbo deficiente) stupet:  
Occidit insignis formâ & virtute *Maria*,  
Et Patriæ & veræ religionis amor;  
Hinc lugent Angli, respondent inde Batavi,  
Fœdus ut hos socios, sic dolor usque facit.  
Has ambas gentes olim mare junxerat unum,  
Nunc lacrymarum etiam colligat Oceanus.

*Thomas Glynn Armig. æ*

*Coll. Jesu.*

**H**eu nimium sibi nexa domus! pariterque Paterno  
Sanguine & ærumâs consociata suis.  
Abstulit una lues Fratrem, abstulit una Sororem:  
Sic ô debueras juncta *Maria* mori.

*Tho. Savage, Ex Aëdo Christi,*  
super, ord. Commens.

**U** Sque adeo exultat Lethum ! duræque sorores  
Versant crudeli pensa severa manu !  
*Henricum* primâ Parcæ rapuere juventâ,  
Luctus & Europæ publicus Ille fuit.  
Nec tamen hâc tantâ satiatur cæde, sed ultra  
Sanguine regali gaudet avara lues.  
Proh scelus ! ecce novos celebrat Libitina triumphos,  
Et repetit notas, docta necare, vices.  
Silicet infestis telis jam militat æther,  
Post Terræ & pelagi damna, dat aura necem.  
Sufficiat duri revocata injuria fati,  
Sit miseris saltem bis periisse satis.

*Gul. Moreton, ex Aede*

*Christi.*

---

**I** Am pia lugubres induta *Britannia* cultus,  
*Carolidum* tristi funere pressa super,  
*Henrici* exequiis grandi mœrore peractis;  
Ad pensum luctus tristia Fata vocant.  
Omen habete Angliis numero Deus impare gaudet,  
*Carolidum* vivat sacra Relicta *Tuias*.

*Tho. Musgrave, è Coll. Reg.*

*A. B. Baronetti filius.*

**R**hene, redi, ad nostras qui subterraneas oras  
Venisti, *Cursu* sospice tellis ovans:

Officium præstare volens hæc litora tangis,

Hei tibi, cum Dominâ non rediturus ades.

At tu, Rhene, redi, ac, quâ calles arte, susurrans

Paulatim & cautè melius esto mali.

Expectant Batavi, quorum exsiccata dolore

Corpora, Te expectat tristior Higa domi.

Taliter amissam neque te, Proserpina, mater

Deslevit, cum non invenienda, Ceres;

Taliter ereptum luget neque sponsa maritum,

Ante diem viduæ nomine cum sit anus.

Parit Oceanus, fluctus scopulusque pepercit,

Ut maculâ pereas, immaculata prius?

Sic rosa, quam madido nutrit Phosphorus imbri,

Decidit, & ventis exagitata, cadit;

Sic *Henricus* obit, quocum videre pacisci,

Tu sis in cœlis Jupiter, ipsa Venus.

Sin mavis, Gemini, splendebimus alternim,

Major defunctis gloria, major honos;

Sic pacta es? confirmatum est utcumque serenum

Inter mortales *Cæsaris* esse genus.

*R. Whitehall. M. B.*

*Coll. Mart.*

To Her Sacred Ma<sup>y</sup>: the Queen Mother

**R**espice great Queen your just and basty fears;  
Ther's no infection lodges in our teares.

Though our unhappy aire be arm'd with death,

Tet segb's have an untainted guilllesse breath.

O! stay a while, and teach your equall skill

To understand and to support our ill.

You that in mighty wrongs an Age have spent,

And seem to have out-liv'd even bannishment :

Whom traiterous mischance sought its earliest prey,

When unto sacred blood it made its way;

And thereby did its black designe impart,

To take his head, that wounded first his heart:

You that unmov'd great Charles his ruine stood,

When that three Nations sunk beneath the load:

Then a young Daughter lost, yet balsome found

To stanch that new and freshly bleeding wound:

And after this with fixt and steddy eyes

Beheld your noble Glocesters obsequies:

And then sustain'd the royall Princess fall;

You only can lament her Funerall.

But you will hence remove, and leave behind

Our sad complaints lost in the empty wind;

Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly rore

Destruction, and drive back unto the shore:

G

Ship-

Shipwrack to safety, and the envy fly  
 Of sharing in this Scene of Tragedy :  
 Whilst sickness from whose rage you post away  
 Relents, and only now contrives your stay :  
 The lately fatall and infectious ill  
 Courts the fair Princessse and forgets to kill.  
 In vain on favors cures we dispencc,  
 And vent our passions angry eloquence :  
 In vain we blast the Ministers of Fate,  
 And the forlorne Physitians imprecate,  
 Say they to death new poisons adde and fire ;  
 Murder securely for reward and hire ;  
 Arts Basslocks, that kill whom ere they see,  
 And truly write bills of Mortality ;  
 Who least the bleeding Corps should them betray,  
 First draine those vitall speaking streamer away.  
 And will you by your sight take part with these  
 Become your self a third and new disease ?  
 If they have caus'd our losse, then so have you,  
 Who take your self and the fair Princessse too :  
 For we are priv'd, an equall damage have  
 When France doth ravish hence as when the grave  
 But that your choice th'unkindness doth improve,  
 And dereliction adds unto remove.

Rochester of Wadham Colledge.

**G**ive me a quill snatcht from the wing,  
of a dying Swan.

Give me a killing fatal groan,  
That Echoes back the wounded Mandrak's moan.

The murmurs of a swelling tide,

That weeps as it doth glide.

He that this loss would sing

Must learne wild nature, and relinquish Man.

Hence female sorrows that affect

The tender eye.

The price of Ceremonious neglect,

Tears utterly forgot as soon as dry.

That are our labour'd and our studied care,

Fond Meteors that disturbe the air

**G 2**

And fall and dye.

*Come weep in blood  
Your womanish oblations spare.  
Weep in the purple flood  
That took our Princess hences,  
Nor sighs dispencc  
Unless first tinted in the guilty breath  
That caus'd her death,  
The poisonous blasts of the infected air.*

*Mourn on Great Gloster's hasty fate,  
O doe not your just homage slack,  
No perfunctory rites  
That measur'd are by dayes or nights,  
Or wearing out the solemne black,  
Must your resentment date.*

*Come*

*Scenes. Maria Princip. Aron.*

---

*Come then your wasted store produce,*

*As the fair Princess's shrine:*

*Like fresh supplies to the relief*

*Of th' wearied guards of grief.*

*All your remaining fountains sluice,*

*And floods with floods combine.*

*In beauty as in blood allied,*

*But more in virtue join'd:*

*Whose love long equal pressures try'd;*

*In life alike, in death the same*

*May they get still in Waking fame,*

*And Memory, a farther never dying likeness find.*

*Mean*

*Epicedia Acad. Oxon in obit.*

Mean while, let Royal Charles survive,  
And York his growing bruse allay;  
First in themselves, then offspring live,  
Their conquering armes display,  
Far as the course of day:  
And crown'd with age and trophies yield to fate;

E. Hyde

*Canon-Commoner of Christ Church.*

*Most sacred Princess,*

E're long the Hague had this affliction sent;  
And Your own Palace seem'd Your Monument;  
For we, who might not still your Presence crave,  
Had found your Absence one degree of Grave,  
Yet in that sad transposal of Your light,  
You had enricht Us still, though not our Sight;  
As the retiring Sun departed hence,  
Withdraw's his Rayes, but leaves his Influence.

*Whether*

Whether Your precepts guide the Dutchmens toyle  
To draine their own excess, and spare this soile,  
Proving how faint a praise that Temperance finds;  
Which sobers Meadows, but debauches Minds;  
Whether Your Bountie doe reclaime their Thrift;  
And call those wealthy, who are rich in Gift;  
Whether your Justice doe their Frauds chastise,  
Or Prudence turne their wisely, into wise;  
Or teach their Bulke, by your Majestick heat,  
Who are the Bigge, not alway are the Great;  
What vertuous draught so ere You copie there,  
Doth fair Reflection cast and Credit here.  
So, though the wealthy Indies doe divide  
Their Gemms and Treasure, to all Lands beside;  
They have the glory the whole world to fill;  
And that's a Gemme returns upon them still.  
But now alas! wee the sad difference prove,  
Betwixt Your deprivation, and Remove.  
And in some compass could our greif restrain,  
Were You but gon, ere to bee seen again.  
Wee would less envy Hollands happier fates;  
But oh! You see Death's triumph, not the States.  
And yet wee see some Allayes here ev'n at worst;  
Cause though the stroke be ours, it seems Yours first;  
And

And that's a gentle courtly destiny,  
That bids us only once endure and die,  
While your distressed Allies feel cruelty  
Shou'r thick on Them; Your Gedeon-breast seemes dry,  
Advanc'd beyond the cloud; You raigh aloof,  
As one Calamity, and Cromwel-proof,  
And by the fate of Your remoter Land,  
Though not his Hate, You seem to scape his Hand,

Thus wee debase Your woes, and by that sin  
Devest you of the cross; You glory in  
For You whose melting heart, was the soft Scene,  
Where all their griefs were acted o're agen;  
By deep resentment, and your own afright,  
Felt all they Did endure, and all they might,

When the bold Rebel will erect his name,  
In Your blest Father's fall, officious Fame  
Prevents the Bleeding Axe, and in Your eare  
Whispers 'tis done, and it is done to Fear,  
You to secure Your groanes fore-dare his doom;  
And are His martyr; ere his sufferings come.

So Philomel to heaven her plaints doth reare;  
Ere Phœbus rise to give her Audience there  
While she before the time unfolds her wrongs;  
And gaines in sorrowes, what she waits in Songs.

Worster's

*Scen. Maria Princip. Aron.*

Worc'ster's mishappe arrives at You encrease,  
The Battail lost, Your Brother tane at least.  
Phanſie tranſmits ſuch meſſage to Your eye,  
And 'tis in Feares a true Captivity,  
His lighter greifs ( if he have any light)]  
Take growth in You, who weep them into height.

And thus our Tyrant did his miſcheif teach,  
To wound You ſtill, who ſtill were out of reach.  
And now Your tender Son bequeath'd to th' care  
Of his Allies, but firſt to Heav'n by pray'r,  
A doubtful Voyage, You doe entertain;  
The King on ſhore, makes You deſpiſe the Main.  
Him thus reſtor'd You gaze and wonder on;  
But ſtill Your Father, Husband, Gloc'ſter's Gone.  
Then ſtraight You haſt to Heav'n: for after theſe,  
No Sorrows can affliet, no nor Joy pleaſe.

*M A R T I N L L E E L L Y N, Dñ Ph.*

*ſworne Ph. to his Maſteſty Princip. of S. M.*

*Hall and Fellow of the Coll. of Lond.*

*H*

**P**Assions would swell, but that their pride  
 Cannot embogue the Muses tide:  
 The mind must be asswag'd, and then  
 Her surges be run o're agen,  
 That so their rudeness may abate  
 And veile, when we must mourn in state.

But should we mourn it by her worth,  
 Her beauty, bounty, or her birth,  
 The Kingdomes wealth would not suffice:  
 To pay unto her obsequies:  
 Nor fancy could supply it here,  
 To set out her that had no peere.

For if her beauties did disclose  
 Th' imbellishments of either rose,  
 And on each temple at one glance,  
 You might survey the flower of France.  
 The rest ashamed once to vie  
 Their meane colours shrink, and lie  
 As if they were benighted quite,  
 Or hid in covey of the light.

But if the flowers you deuest  
 And yet (too short) would seek the rest,  
 A set of gemmes, by fancy set;  
 Outbids Saint *Mark* his Cabinet;  
 Choose for Her statue; but with Art,  
 So many due to every part:

**You'll**

You'll find, that in the spoyles of Greece  
You'd want for this Mosaique peece,  
Or should you blaze her by the Stars  
You'd set the Heav'n and earth at jars  
For when she smil'd, what was't to say,  
That it was like the breake of day?  
The breake of day doth break ~~the~~ rest,  
From dreames (oftimes) then day more blest.  
But when she smil'd it was to please,  
Each smile imported our hearts ease,  
She smiled more then once a day,  
And then the Stars in th' Milky way  
Did not so lighten, or delight  
The gazers wonder, or his sight.

But when those eyes did play their part  
They did awaken every heart,  
Those eyes, set in the loftiest sphere  
(Far above Pside, or *Lucifer*)  
Did pierce all spirits, and disperse  
Love and desire through th' Vniuerse.

Who saw, was glad, though like the Fly,  
He coured in the flame to dy.  
For sweetness dwelled no more there,  
Then quick resumption of the aire,  
As ready to chastise, and so  
The chastned meked like the Snow,

As ready to revive, and then  
The quickned lov'd to melt agen.

Her light Eclips'd, when *Charles* was dead,  
And when the other *Charles* was fled  
From *Worster*, she baptiz'd anew  
The Maes in her own teares, and drew  
Fresh springs unto the *Hague*, where they  
By fate cannot be dri'd away.  
The rest our Poëts may reherſe  
(I am but a Reformade in verſe)  
But ſure, had ſhe eſt lived, ſhe had been  
Our *SIDNEY's Stella*; or our *Spencers Queen*.

*THO. TANNER,*

*Proſtour of the Univerſ.*

**M**ore *Incenſe* ſtill to *Aire* the Court, more fire:  
The *infectious reliſts* will not yet expire.

Such *Aconite* the late *State-monſter* ſhor:  
The *King* and *Preſence* are ſcarce *Amidant*.  
Nor will the spawn'd *Contagion* be diſmiſt;  
Though *Charles* and ſ's *goodneſs* be the *Exorcist*.

*Charles* ſo divinely circled with *Heavens care*;  
Plots cannot hurt him, though they blaſt the *air*.

As ready to chaſtiſe

The chaſtised metel like the ſnow

*Seren. Maria Princip. Aran.*

Whilst providence doth bloody aimes withstand,  
Their *Traytrous Conventicles* burn the Land.  
The skye is plagu'd with their conspiracy,  
Their prayers taint *Heaven*, and curse extempore,  
Assassinate by proxy, and so ply  
The work of Death, and its *sift Monarchy*.

Yet *Mushromes* thrive in thunder, nor is't known  
*Vermin* or *Insects* feel infection.

*Atoms* cannot dissolve, nor *Sponges* drown:  
Rebells and Pests setle on the *Blood*, and *Crown*.

Th' *Acropolis* must fall to th' *Pioneer*;  
And *height's* the Envy of this *Leveller*.

This Sword cuts *Purple* threads, and the intent

Is *Tarquin's* here, to top the *Eminent*,

Whose death's a *desolation*; and whose fate

*Depopulates* a Land, *Widdow's* a State.

When *beauty* was grown *majesty*; *love*, *law*;

And what before *inamour'd*, now did *awe*.

When by her pregnant *womb*, and pious *band*

Heaven blest'd her *native*, and her *espons'd* Land.

When th' *Almoner*, and *Altar* now had done;

And fate consummated, what she begun.

When Heaven had crown'd its *Justice*, summ'd its *love*,

Given *us*, and all the *world*, *peace* from above.

This Swan then her *Dimittis* sings, and flies

From *Princes* unto *Principalities*.

Where

*Epicredia Aesli Oxoni in obit.*

Wherewith her Cherub-brother; they improve  
Both orders; he of light, and she of love.  
And their fires, now grown *Twins*, auspicious be;  
Fleet *Halcions*, and our *Seas* *Diope* us.

*Leyden* with *Oxford* now its part deplores,  
Tydes flow from *British* to the *Belgick* Shores.  
Poets who can but *blee* a sheet, disguise  
Themselves *close mourners* for these obsequies.  
And every Muse is *veit d'in Sable Verfe*;  
A *Maid of honour* to attend her *Herse*.

*Meteors* may vanish with neglected fire:  
But th' world's in danger, thus, when *Stars* expire,  
May yet these *Turtles* ransom, *Lambs* secure  
The royall head of *Primogeniture*.  
And our blest *Constantine*, conducted thus  
With his *Crosse-Banner*, live *victorious*.

*The. Winward S. T. B.*

*Soc. Jan.*

**D**eath now imbrow'd in Princely Gloc'ſter's Fall,  
Concludes that mischief doth for mischief call,  
In his great Overthrow ſhe thought was ſeen  
Enough her Pow'r, but not enough her ſpleen.  
And thence ſhe adds, to ſate her craving thirſt,  
This ſecond Royall outrage to her firſt.  
And as an Archer, having hit with one,  
Loth to exchange that arrow yet ſhoots on:  
She drawes the Reeking ſhaft from Gloc'ſtr's brow,  
And with experienc'd ſlaughter ruines now,

But with the ſame ſate arm'd though ſhe appear,  
Yet is her ſavage drift more cruel here.  
Though ſhe triumph in both, and in both doe  
Defiance ſend to Life and Beauty too,  
Yet here ſhe prides her moſt, with this Reflex,  
That Beauty's the Peculiar of this ſex;  
Of theſe tranſcendent features being ſure,  
She bids all meaner Faces live ſecure,

*J. Coventry*

*on Gentlemen Com: of Chriſt-church*

**V**Hen fortune swaide the world, and did dispence  
To distant merits the same influence:  
And she was thought divine whose will alone,  
Prescribes, to others actions and her own.  
Heaven was not then concern'd for each event,  
And Atomes only were not innocent,  
A sacred truth begat it's just offence,  
Religion first did slander providence.

Drawing in spider-like the fragrant breath,  
Of choicest flowers and then exhaling death.  
Thou worst of truths,—but then I should desye;  
What I would vindicate the deity.  
Such an address would fit those wretches more,  
Who curse and stone the Gods that they adore.  
Possesse me fury while I combat those;  
Who would the earth against the heaven oppose.  
Arme each misfortune, teach it to defy  
Omnipotence, and outbrave Majesty.  
Give blasphemy a voice for to proclaim,  
Justice it's selfe to be an empty name.  
As if that Heaven were Hell, because the best  
Of mortals, is so soon of it possest.

Pardon blest Saint (for that white names more deer  
Then

Then ere to you your splendid titles were )  
Whilst I in rude approach disturbe your rest,  
And make your fate the theme of a contest.

Traitors to friendship who a Saint recal  
To earth, and teares, and a new funeral.  
By grie's black forceries would heaven surprize,  
Make Angels walk, and spirits downward rise.  
They these pure rites profane, who dare appear  
Penfive at this triumphal sepulcher:  
Who thither sigh's their fond oblation bring,  
Where Thrones rejoyce, and Seraphims doe sing.

Reach then the crown, and make the incense rise,  
Immortal vertue is the sacrifice,  
Earth cannot loose, when God and Heaven doe Gain,  
And spotless chastity does wreaths attain.  
Who dyes with honour consecrates the day,  
And gilds it with a glorious Martyr's ray.  
From the cold Urne a Phenix doth arise,  
Dating the birth day from the obsequies.

**Y** Our Royall Line to sundry Climats sent;  
Had you no Exile? You no banishment?  
A Royal potent fleet conveigh'd you o're,  
And set you Glorious on a forreign shore.  
All this was but in Pomp to be beguil'd:  
2 A Princely Consort woes you to depart,  
3 And in more solemn lustre live exil'd;  
And the first wanderer proves to be your heart.  
To such an Exile yet who would not goe?  
No freedom's sweet as to be banish'd so.  
Did that dear Cause of your departure stand,  
You might for ever scorn your Native Land.  
But he expires at home; and your return  
Finds no reception but a treacherous Urn.  
Your native soyle long distant from your View,  
Had left no other way to welcome You,  
Inur'd to Deaths and Treason, knew to come  
In no addresse, but hospitable Tomb.

*Saw, Speed, A.M. Ch. Ch.*

*M. A. Speed, R. D.*

*M. D. Speed, R. D.*

**W**Hen all the Court's in black, and that the Gown  
Is not the Robe of Arts, but mourning gown:  
When night's in wear; our Paper must not lye,  
Exempt from sorrows universal dye.  
All palenesse but of grief goe hence; and meet  
This losse, in penance with its own white sheet.  
Blots become spots of beauty now, appear  
The clearest Print, the fairest Character.  
Our Princesse was the Copy here, was seen  
T' have writ deaths annals in her own pure Skin.  
Those Ivory Tables, that fair milky way,  
Where Beauty was constellation in day,  
Now put on sable Colours, check'd ore  
With fatall Inke; with sacred vitall Gore.

Set in more Letter then; the Chases fill,  
From weeping Balls the sooty streams distill.  
Then work the Copy off, and strength lay on  
Till the tormented Presse doe loudly groan.  
So our disorder'd sullied Proofs shall come;  
A just and proper Epicedium.  
And while the Presse our mighty losse does shew,  
The Printer shall appear a Poet too.

Leonard Lichfield, Printer to  
the University.